PS 3525
.A118
W3
1918
Copy 1

Wayside Rhymes

McAulay

1918

Wayside Rhymes

By

Rev. N. A. McAulay, D.D.

Copyright, 1918, by N. A. McAulay

Published by the

Presbyterian Church of Lyons, Iowa

A Token of Affection

PS3525
.A118W3
1918

Biography

Rev. Neal A. McAulay, D. D. was born March 24th, 1854, near Englishtown, Nova Scotia.

In 1875 he came to the United States, locating in New England, engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Portland, Maine, from 1879 to 1881.

In 1883 he entered McCormick Theological Seminary, and was graduated therefrom a Presbyterian minister in 1886. Soon after he became Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Wilton Junction, Iowa, where he remained for twenty years.

He has traveled extensively, all over his adopted land, and in 1902 visited Europe, the Holy Land, Egypt, and chief Parts of the Mediterranean with the famous "Celtic Party".

He came to Lyons, Iowa, as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in November 1907, and remained until July 29th, 1917, when he moved to the Pacific Coast.

When the clouds of woe and sorrow
Drive the light of joy away—
And our hearts are sad and lonely—
By deep anguish and dismay—
There is one whose loving kindness
Can impart uplifting cheer,
'Tis the sympathizing Saviour,
He to help, is always near.

NOV 23 1918

©CLA508268
no. 1,

Rev. N. A. McAulay, D.D.

My Guardian Angel

Along the pilgrim highway,
Through wastes of burning sand,
My God will sweetly lead me
'Till safe in Canaan's land.

CHORUS

Oh! Jesus;—Guardian Angel—
Redeemed, with Thee I'll stand
In realms of love and glory,
In Canaan's happy land.

Though many frowning dangers
Beset on every hand,
My God will still protect me
'Till safe in Canaan's land.

When pressed by heavy burdens,
With scarcely strength to stand,
My God will then sustain me
'Till safe in Canaan's land.

And when I cross the River
And join the shining band,
My God will own his pilgrim
In Canaan's happy land.

The Silver Lining

The shadows may be dark and deep,
The light may hide its beauty;
The heart may grope in anxious fear,
And shrink before its duty:
But if we trust in God above—
Our all to Him resigning—
The darkest cloud when viewed aright
Will show a silver lining.

Though we may bear a load to-day
That fills the soul with sorrow,
Take heart, perhaps its crushing weight
May vanish by to-morrow.
The fires that often burn within
May bring us soul refining;
Behind the flame that frees the dross
There is a silver lining.

Our Father knows the only way
That leads to lasting pleasure;
And if He takes some things away,
He sends a better treasure.
The darkest night gives place at last
To daylight bright and shining:
So we must learn to pierce the cloud,
And find its silver lining.

Trust Your Father's Love

How dark and lonely is the day
When dear ones from us part,
As death steps in to take away
The treasures of our heart;
When crushed and torn with anxious pain,
We sigh beneath the rod;
But murmur not—since we again
Shall find them, safe with God.

The friends who leave us here—and go
To find the perfect life;
Are freed from all the sin and woe
That fill the world with strife.
They pass beyond this vale of tears,
To mansions bright above—
Forever safe from doubts and fears—
To rest in peace and love.

Then trust your Father's love, and wait,
Earth's night will soon be gone;
You too may pass this Eden's Gate
To greet the heavenly dawn—
Where those long lost, in spotless white,
Shall meet you face to face,
With all the ransomed hosts of light,
Whom God redeemed by grace.

I Have a Home Over Yonder

There is little I need in this valley of sin
Since Jesus I know as my Saviour;
His Spirit assists me life's battles to win,
'Tis sweet to rejoice in his favor.
A welcome is waiting in glory for me,
With rapture its fullness I ponder,
Content in a cottage—on earth—I will be
For I have a home over yonder.

Tho' lacking in treasures of silver and gold,
My heart he enriches with gladness,
And trusting his love, I have pleasure untold,
To banish my sorrow and sadness.
The fetters that bound me by night and by day
My Saviour has broken asunder;
And shielded by grace I shall not go astray,
For I have a home over yonder.

He cheers me along, as I walk by His side,
His word brings me sweet consolation.
Believing and happy, in Him I confide,
For mine are the joys of Salvation.
The thought of his friendship is now my delight,
It fills me with soul-striving wonder,
And soon I shall rise to the mansions of light,
For I have a home over yonder.

The Divine Passion

What strange mysterious thing is this
Which thoughtful minds define as love?
Whence comes its warm and clinging bliss—
From Earth?—or from the world above?

CHORUS

To know my Saviour day by day,
To hear Him plead for me above,
To walk with Him along the way—
This is to me, the fount of love.

It burns within the faithful heart,
And tempers every inward fear:
Unto our Souls it does impart,
The light of hope and deathless cheer.

A thousand joys it does reveal,
To those who live its strength to know,
The hardest hearts it can anneal,
Beneath its sure and silent glow.

You ask about this precious love,
That nestles in your soul and mine—
It came from God in realms above—
This passion—holy and divine.

My Father Knows What's Best

When I am sad and do not know
The step which next I ought to take,
I lean upon God's mighty arm
My feet to guide, my way to make.
He helps me bear my daily cross,
Because His eye the end can see;
Look to Him for needed grace—
My Father knows what's best for me.

CHORUS

On mountain top, or in the vale,
The hand of love by faith I see;
Through weal or woe, in life or death,
My Father knows what's best for me.

No sorrow can my soul oppress,
But He can bless it for my good;
I gladly take what He provides,
His word to me is drink and food.
My hope and shield from every foe,
He breaks my bonds and sets me free,
His presence cheers along the way—
My Father knows what's best for me.

Then come what will I shall rejoice,
Content to trust my Friend divine
I cannot drift beyond His care,
For I am His, and He is mine.
What He commands, I try to do,
His faithful servant I will be
Till He shall call me home at last—
My Father knows what's best for me

Bear Ye One Another's Burdens

Bear ye one another's burdens,
As ye walk the pilgrim way;
Help the souls that are in trouble,
Bless and cheer them while you may.
Tell them of the Burden-Bearer—
Friend of all who are distressed.
Point them to the dear Redeemer,
Who can give the weary rest.

CHORUS

Jesus is the Burden-Bearer,
He assists me every day:
Jesus is the Burden-Bearer,
He sustains along the way.

Bear ye one another's burdens,
Comfort those who are in grief;
By a word of consolation,
You can bring them sweet relief.
Soothe the heart that bleeds in sorrow,
Bring it needed help to-day;
Telling of the God of comfort
Who can wipe all tears away.

Bear ye one another's burdens,
With your hearts enlarged by love;
Through the blessed Holy Spirit,
Leading souls to God above.
Then when comes the day of glory
You shall hear the Master's voice,
"Come ye blessed of my Father,"
With the ransomed ones rejoice.

Shall I Be Remembered?

Shall I always be remembered,
For the souls that I have won,
When I leave this moral vineyard
And my work on earth is done?
Shall the friends I leave behind,
Blessings in my labors find,
And my graces keep in mind,
When my Christian race is run?

Shall I see in realms of glory
Those who shared my labors here,
Who have often been assisted
By my love and Christian Cheer?
Shall the story I have told,
When I led them to the fold,
Never to their hearts grow old,
When on high I shall appear?

Shall I see my blessed Saviour
When I cross the Crystal Sea?
With the shining throngs in glory,
Who in time were saved by me?
Shall their praises be complete,
For the way I led their feet,
As before His throne we meet,
When my Master I shall see?

The Eden Land

There is a land like Eden fair
Where all is peace and rest;
No shadows ever enter there
To cloud the pure and blest.

Upon that bright eternal shore
Our loved ones we shall see—
In endless joy, for evermore,
From sin and sorrow free.

Oh! God impart thy spirit here,
Bestow all needed grace,
And shield us from all earthly fear,
Till we behold thy face.

Then with the good in perfect love,
Immortal we shall stand—
To dwell with angel hosts above,
In God's celestial land.

Longing for Home

As onward flows the river
Through mossy vale and dell;
To seek the source from whence it came
In Ocean-home to dwell;
So now my ransomed spirit
With yearning impulse flows,
To reach the fount of all my joys,
The end of all my woes.

CHORUS

I soon shall see my Saviour,
No more on Earth to roam;
I soon shall dwell with Him above
In yonder heavenly home.

Like one away in exile
Upon a distant strand;
Who longs for home with its delights,
For friends and fatherland;
So now my weary spirit
In supplication cries;
As daily to the realms of light,
On wings of faith I rise.

While thinking of His mercies,
My heart is filled with praise,
For all the blessings He imparts,
To cheer my pilgrim days.
I know the time is nearing
When He shall call me home
To taste the fullness of His love,
Around the Father's throne.

The Christ Child

Rejoice! Oh, earth, with angels sing
The glories of your Lord and King;
Who long ago a child was born
In Bethlehem, on Christmas morn.
Though helpless then in Mary's arms,
He came to still the world's alarms;
Though veiled in flesh, divine was He
The human race to bless and free.

The Shepherds to His cradle came;
The sages brought Him wealth and fame;
The high and low throughout the land,
Enjoyed the bounties of His hand.
His coming brought this waiting earth,
Soul treasures of enduring worth;
His advent changed the stream of time
And made the common-place divine.

The years may come, the years may go,
But all, this golden truth should know;
That as it was on Christmas morn,
So now for us the Christ is born;
If love to Him our spirits fill,
His angels are around us still,
To sweetly sing their song again,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men".

Let young and old the story tell,
And ev'rywhere the anthem swell;
Till comes the day of lasting peace,
When human strife and woe shall cease.
Then north and south, and east and west,
Shall be in Him supremely blest.
He is the life, the truth, the way,
The Christ who came on Christmas day.

Think of Jesus

Think of Jesus in the morning
Just as you begin the day;
Ask Him for His guiding Spirit,
He will hear you when you pray.

Think of Jesus at the noon time
When you pause for rest and food;
Thank Him, though it be in silence,
And the thought will do you good.

Think of Jesus when at even
You unload your daily care;
Share with Him your heavy burden
Which His grace will help you bear.

Think of Jesus when retiring
For the needed sleep and rest;
Trust His goodness then to shield you,
And your slumbers will be blest.

Thanksgiving

For all the blessings of the year,
For happy homes and friends sincere,
For life, and health, and food, and cheer,
Our hearts to-day are thankful.

For clouds that brought refreshing rain,
For golden corn, and ripened grain,
For daily toil, and honest gain,
Our hearts to-day are thankful.

For open doors for all mankind,
For schools and books to store the mind,
For all the good which here we find,
Our hearts to-day are thankful.

For freedom from the things that mar,
For peace, instead of cruel war,
For gifts to help the lands afar,
Our hearts to-day are thankful.

Come, Sower Divine

Come, Sower Divine,
Touch this cold heart of mine,
Thy love to share.
Thine own most precious seed,
Sow it therein, I plead—
Then meet its growing need,
With loving care.

Come, Sower Divine,
Plow up this heart of mine,
Both deep and wide.
Take all the clods away,
Break up the soil, I pray—
In Thee for this, to-day,
I now confide.

Come, Sower Divine,
Water this heart of mine,
Rich fruit to yield—
Till graces pure and sweet,
Till fruits for Jesus—meet—
In ripeness all complete—
Are there revealed.

The New Birth Life of Jesus

The New Birth-life of Jesus,
Revealed on Easter morn,
From endless fear releases
The Souls by anguish torn.
It's sweet, uplifting, story
Dispels our night of gloom:
For life, and light, and glory
Shine from the Saviour's tomb.

The New Birth-life of Jesus,
Bestowed by God above:
Will heal our soul-diseases,
If we but trust His love.
The bonds of death are broken,
Since Christ for us arose,
And Easter joy, unbroken,
Has conquered all our foes.

The New Birth-life of Jesus,
Points to the Crowning day,
Where all that here displeases,
Shall surely pass away.
The Easter life is treasured
By those who cannot die,
With perfect bliss unmeasured,
In realms beyond the sky.

Glad Easter Day

Glad Easter Day, when Christ arose
A mighty victor o'er His foes;
He conquered death with all its gloom,
And rose triumphant from the tomb.
Ye saints and angels loud proclaim
The glories of His wondrous name.
He lives again, no more to die—
Exalt your King in earth and sky.

Glad Easter Day, bright Sabbath morn,
When comfort came to hearts forlorn
Who sought His grave with spices sweet,
Their work of love to there complete.
They saw the place where Jesus lay,
For angels rolled the stone away,
And then this message to them gave—
That Christ had risen from the grave.

Glad Easter Day, our pledge of life
Beyond this vale of sin and strife:
For trusting souls at last shall rise
To share His glories in the skies.
Till then press on His will to do,
And for your Lord be brave and true;
Keep close to Him who is the way—
The Christ who rose on Easter Day.

The Two Rings

Ring out the Old departing year,
Ring in the New with words of cheer,
Ring out the failures of the past,
Ring in the hopes that always last.

Ring out the chill that fears impart,
Ring in the love that warms the heart,
Ring out the shadows that destroy,
Ring in the light that fills with joy.

Ring out the war that scatters grief,
Ring in the peace that brings relief,
Ring out the greed of lust and gain,
Ring in the simple life again.

Ring out the doubts that stain the soul,
Ring in the faith that can make whole,
Ring out the sins that lead astray,
Ring in the Christ, who is "The Way".

Tell the Story

Tell Redemption's saving story,
To the friends around you here;
Lead them to the Cross of Jesus
By your faith and love sincere.
In the Home-land there are legions
Needing pardon, peace and rest;
Try and win them to the Saviour,
And your labors will be blest.

Tell Redemption's saving story,
To the Heathen far away,
Who are groping in the darkness,
From the fold of God astray.
Labor on, till all the nations
Shall be won to Jesus' love,
And with gladness swell His praises,
Like the ransomed hosts above.

The Road to Happiness

The road that leads to happiness
Is never hard to find;
Its finger boards are plainly seen
By every thoughtful mind.
It guides us to the friends in need,
Who grope in doubt and fear,
Their foot-steps to direct and bless
With courage, hope and cheer.

The road that leads to happiness
Is paved with deeds of love:
Its golden milestones mark the way
To God's bright land above.
Clear streams of cooling water flow
Close by this royal road,
Refreshing weary pilgrims here
Who sigh beneath their load.

The road that leads to happiness
Has through the ages stood,
A highway for the Sons of Light
Who fill the world with good.
The fragrant blossoms of delight
Beside this road abound,
And smiling angels to direct
For pilgrims here are found.

To Be Remembered

Would you live to be remembered?
Then, some good you here must do;
Helping others by your kindness
To be noble, strong and true.
Speak in words of hope and courage
To the hearts oppressed by fear;
Make this world a little brighter
With your sympathy and cheer.

Would you live to be remembered?
Help your brother bear his load;
Safely lead him through the dangers
That are found along Life's road.
Be a friend to those in trouble,
Comfort them in their distress;
Make each day a little better
For the souls whom you can bless.

Would you live to be remembered?
Hold aloft the Saviour's Cross;
Tell its sweet and wondrous story,
How it cleanses from all dross.
Time is flying, use it wisely;
Write your name as you go by,
Not on bronze, or stones that crumble,
But on souls that never die.

Proclaim the Christmas Story

O! Sing the angel's song—
Its message sweet prolong,
And tell the world of Christ's redeeming love;
For He a babe was born,
On that glad Christmas morn,
To bring Good Will and Mercy from above.

CHORUS

Then sing the tidings sweet,
Your Carols now repeat;
With praises, all complete,
Proclaim the Christmas story.

Ring out the Christmas bell—
'Twill human fear dispel—
And tell the glories of the new born King,
Who came thro' lowly birth,
To bless the lost of earth—
His goodness evermore with rapture sing.

Ye children all rejoice
With cheerful heart and voice,
And with the shepherds to His cradle go;
There Christ— the Lord of all—
Slept in a lowly stall,
That we His full Salvation here may know.

How to Pray

I know a very worthy man
Who thinks he cannot pray
Unless he has a little book
To teach him what to say.
The words of men, who long ago
Passed to their final rest,
Are used as channels for his thoughts,
And seem to him the best.

Another friend of mine has learned
To pray upon his knees,
That bending low with his desires
His Father he may please.
He thinks that only in that way
Can men sincerely plead,
For kneeling thus the contrite heart
Can best reveal its need.

But still another here I know,
Who stands upon his feet
When he for any favor goes
Unto the Mercy Seat.
He shuts his eyes, and lifts his hands
To God who hears above;
And in that way pours out his soul
For needed grace and love.

I care not what the form may be
Which one shall choose to take,
Or, whether he will stand or kneel,
When he his prayer does make.
But, to be heard before the throne,
To all those friends, I say,
The thing that most concerns a man
Is that his heart shall pray.

Lend a Hand

Lend a hand to those who wander,
Far from God, in ways of sin;
Tell them how the Lord of glory
Gave His life their love to win.
Lead them to the cleansing fountain,
Teach them how to watch and pray;
Lend a hand to those who wander,
You may lead them back to-day.

CHORUS

Blessed Jesus as we journey
To the bright celestial land,
Give us grace to share with others;
Help us all to lend a hand.

Lend a hand to those in sorrow,
Comfort them with hope and cheer;
Tell them of the glad to-morrow
When their woes will disappear.
Bring them Gospel consolation,
Wipe their falling tears away;
Lend a hand to those in sorrow,
You may soothe their hearts to-day.

Lend a hand to those in conflict,
Fighting for the cause of right;
Tell them of that shining armor
That will shield in every fight.
When the arrows of temptation
Bring them sadness and dismay,
Lend a hand to those in conflict,
You may help them win the day.

If We Knew

If we knew the heavy burdens
That our friends are called to bear,
And could feel the disappointments
Which they daily have to share:
We would surely be more willing
Needed comfort to bestow,
And our friendship would inspire them
As they journey here below.

If we knew the hidden sorrows
That so often banish joy,
And could face the dark temptations
That discourage and annoy:
We would whisper words of courage
For the heart oppressed with fear;
And in love dispel much sadness
With our sympathy and cheer.

If we knew how hope and sunshine
Help the friends who bear a load,
And how little deeds of kindness
Brighten up the darkest road:
We would be no longer thoughtless,
But would strive to do our part,
With a warm and sweet compassion
That would bless and soothe the heart.

If we knew how men and women
Long for lasting peace and rest,
And how poor are worldly treasures
When the soul desires the best:
We would tell them of the riches
Of that Friend enthroned above,
Who will send to those who ask Him
All the blessings of His love.

Down to Dreamland in the Bay

There's a quaint and busy ferry
Which we see the children take,
When the sandman gives the signal
And they cannot keep awake;
Always when the shades are falling
You may know it slips away
From the little port of Playville—
Down to Dreamland in the Bay.

I have often watched this ferry,
With its Captain brave and true—
Know its faithful loving Pilot
And His little angel crew:—
When it left the busy landing,
Where it rested all the day,
Baby hearts were lulled to slumber—
Down to Dreamland in the Bay.

Little white caps, cute and puckered,
Threw their spray on every side;
Fading waves of childish laughter
Romped upon the silver tide;
Heavy eyelids, folded tightly,
Curtained off the light of day,
As the little ferry hastened—
Down to Dreamland in the Bay.

When I reach my second childhood,
As I know I soon shall do,
And the sandman comes to call me,
I shall take this ferry too:—
Then I know my faithful Pilot
Will go with me all the way,
Watching o'er me as I journey—
Down to Dreamland in the Bay.

If No One Loved the Boys

A healthy boy is fond of fun, his life is full of springs,
He likes a ball, he loves a gun, he does a thousand things;
There's mischief often in his heart, he makes a lot of noise:
But life would little bliss impart, if no one loved the boys.

CHORUS

If no one loved the boys, with all their talk and noise,
How sad their hearts would surely be:
For one I must confess, the boys I try to bless,
And many, many joys they bring to me.

A boy is built to use up food, his appetite is great,
When at the table he makes good, he always cleans his plate;
The way he uses knife and spoon shows where he finds his joys,
The crop of men would vanish soon, if no one loved the boys.

What if a boy is tricky here, and sometimes raises "ned",
What if he makes us shed a tear by causing anxious dread:
Since boys are made of manly stuff, then treat them not as toys—
This world would be an awful bluff—if no one loved the boys.

Help the Man That's Down

Deal gently with the man that's down,
He needs your love and care,
The many blessings you enjoy,
With him you ought to share.
Give him the hand of sympathy
And help him shun the wrong—
The friendship which you may impart
Will cheer his soul along.

CHORUS

Oh, Soul redeemed, lift up the Cross
And Christ your brow will crown;
Be quick to show the Saviour's love
And help the man that's down.

Deal gently with the man that's down,
Assist him here to stand—
The blight of sin he long has felt,
Give him a helping hand.
The blood which washed your sins away
Can save his guilty soul—
The pardoning grace of Jesus Christ
Can cleanse and make him whole.

Deal gently with the man that's down,
This is your Master's will;
He came to bless the lost of earth,
Their hearts with joy to fill.
For Him who left the Father's House
In ways of sin to roam—
Your kindness may be just the thing,
To guide his footsteps home.

Scatter Sunshine

In this world of sin and sorrow,
Pass along a word of cheer:
Let the sunshine of your presence,
Help the weary, far and near.
When your brother is despondent,
Take your station by his side;
This will give him needed courage,
And his fears will all subside.

CHORUS

As you walk along life's journey,
Wear a cheerful, happy smile,
Make this world a little brighter,
Scatter sunshine all the while.

See the souls with heavy burdens,
That are passing down the road:—
Quickly go to their assistance,
Lest they faint beneath their load.
Show them by your acts of kindness
How to walk the better way;
Bring them looks of hope and gladness,
That will bless them night and day.

In the city with its troubles,
Many hearts are found to bleed;
Yearning for a word of comfort,
To supply their sorest need.
Give them sunshine for their shadows;
Wipe away their falling tears,
You may cause them thus to triumph,
Over all their doubts and fears.

If You Only Try

You can sing a joyful song—
If you try—If you try—
You can help a friend along—
If you only try.
You can scatter golden seeds;
You can give to others needs;
You can live in little deeds
If you only try.

You can wear a smiling face
If you try—If you try—
You can be a means of grace
If you only try.
You can dry the mourner's tear;
You can gladden hearts with cheer;
You can banish doubt and fear
If you only try.

You can tell of Jesus' love
If you try—If you try—
You can win to realms above
If you only try.
You can be a beam of light;
You can make the pathway bright;
You can triumph in the right
If you only try.

Lincoln

He was a man of rare and rugged build,
A master workman of the humblest guild,
Who loved the common people with a heart
That felt their woes and gladly took their part.

No malice rankled in his manly breast;
His pity shone for all that were distressed:
When duty called he broke the bondman's chains
And washed away a bleeding nation's stains.

He followed truth in spite of angry fears
And brought a crowning peace to coming years.
Oh! noble Lincoln, what a life was thine;
The world its worth shall evermore enshrine.

The Summer Queen

I saw her come one morning
To dress old Mother earth;
Her footsteps in the garden
Gave rose and lily birth.
Her face lit up the glories
That brighten every scene,
A thousand—thousand blessings
Came with the Summer Queen.

I saw her touch the meadows,
And lo! they waved with corn;
Her smile in countless dew drops
Refreshed the early morn.
She painted hill and valley
With shades of softest green,
A thousand—thousand blessings
Came with the Summer Queen.

I saw her scale the mountains
And climb the highest trees,
To weave the leaves and branches,
That kiss the passing breeze.
She filled the flying moments
With songs of joy serene,
A thousand—thousand blessings
Came with the Summer Queen.

The Ideal Life

This life is first a vision,
Whereby the good we see;
And as we learn its value
We strive to faithful be.
For what we would accomplish
Must first be seen in thought;
For only then we're ready
To do the things we ought.

This life is next a struggle,
For here on ev'ry side
Are many things that hinder,
With perils deep and wide.
And in our daily conflict
Against the power of sin,
We must not shrink or falter
If in the fight we win.

This life is too a service
Where all can have a place;
Since thus by helping others
We grow in love and grace.
The souls that dwell immortal
With all the good and true,
Are crowned at last in glory,
For what on earth they do.

Pumpkin Pie

Of all the dishes that are made
To meet man's inner need,
There's one I always like the best—
For it my lips will plead.
It touches me with clinging bliss,
It makes my sorrows fly,
I know you like it as I do—
A piece of Pumpkin pie.

It gives a sweetness to my taste,
That nothing else can bring:
It lifts me to the mountain top—
I feel just like a king.
Its crust is tempered to impart
A twinkle to my eye,
You never can its merits beat—
A piece of Pumpkin pie.

A golden dainty for the one
Who likes a wholesome fare;
A messenger who enters in
To drive away all care.
A finer dish you cannot find
Beneath the smiling sky;
I like to always have it near—
A piece of Pumpkin pie.

Perfect Men

There is a man who never does
A single thing that's wrong;
He does not drink, nor smoke, nor chew,
He's good the whole day long.
His virtues are of just the kind
That men have always prized;
I'll tell you why he is so good—
He just is paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right,
His faithful wife knows where he is
At morning, noon, and night.
He does not flirt, nor play the games—
Those charms for him have fled;
I'll tell you why he is so good—
The man is simply dead.

Clinton is a River Town

Yes, Clinton is a river town;
I like it just the same;
No matter what the knockers say,
I shall defend its name.
For here I find the kind of men
Who think, and pay, and do;
Let others choose to croak and whine,
To Clinton I'll be true.

Yes, Clinton is a river town;
And yet it fights the wrong;
In all that makes a city great,
'Tis growing right along.
To help it in its noble fight
I pledge my heart and hand.
An optimist by day and night,
For Clinton I shall stand.

Yes, Clinton is a river town;
But what of that, I say?
Its people have the pluck and push
To help it win the day.
And that it may be brighter still,
This place I love the most,
You always can depend on me—
Of Clinton I shall boast.

The Hand

The hand can do so many things—
We marvel at the skill
With which we use it night and day
Our duties to fulfil.
With it we earn our daily bread
In office, field and mart,
No matter what our work may be,
The hand performs its part.

The hand can help the weary man
Who bears a heavy load,
And cheer him as a brother should,
Along life's rugged road.
The hand can bring the touch of hope
To those who are distressed,
And point them with fraternal love,
To paths of peace and rest.

The hand, alas, can stay the streams
That bring us joy and mirth,
And smite with hatred and contempt
The dearest friends on earth.
The hand can wound, and crush, and kill,
And blight the fairest land,
We blush for all the cruel deeds
Done by the human hand.

A million things, both good and bad,
The hand of man has done,
Since first the race began its work
Beneath the shining sun.
But of its many uses now,
There's one we cannot skip—
A mason's hand is best employed,
When used to give the Grip.

Niagara

I stand in awe upon thy misty shore,
And wondering listen to thy matchless roar.
Before thy face the rainbow angels meet,
While maddening waves are surging at thy feet.
Thy waters lately borne from placid lake
To rocky brow, their awful leap to take
And headlong plunge into that restless deep,
Where night and day their noisy vigils keep.

The God of Worlds gave thee a place in time,
And tuned thy voice to speak in tones sublime;
That men might learn amid unceasing shocks
To count the Cycles in thy crumbling rocks.
Beside thy sweeping foam and lasting spray,
Man's little life is like a passing day:
So weak and transient all his work appears,
While age and grandeur mark thy countless years.

But hold! Thou too, like man shall end thy day,
When like a scroll this earth shall pass away,
And crashing worlds shall perish and be gone
As time gives place to an Eternal dawn.
When man, renewed, shall find the risen life
Reserved beyond this vale of sin and strife,
When all the good immortal bliss shall share,
And perfect love her jewelled crown shall wear.

The Smile Song

You can cheer the burdened heart
With a sunny little smile;
You can hope and joy impart
With a sunny little smile.
When your friends despondent grow,
When the tears of sorrow flow—
You can sympathy bestow
With a sunny little smile.

You can brighten toil and care
With a sunny little smile;
You can other's burdens share
With a sunny little smile;
When the way is dark and drear,
When the danger seems so near—
You can bring uplifting cheer
With a sunny little smile.

You can help the hearts in grief
With a sunny little smile;
You can bring them sweet relief
With a sunny little smile.
When temptation is so strong,
When its claim is loud and long—
You can triumph o'er the wrong
With a sunny little smile.

You can better run the race
With a sunny little smile;
You can win to ways of grace
With a sunny little smile.
When the day gives place to night,
When the clouds exclude the light—
You can scatter pure delight
With a sunny little smile.

The Builder

To be a builder good and true—
One who is worthy of the name;
A man must do as builders do
Who work to win enduring fame.
All rubbish he will first remove
That he may lay foundations deep
Which for his temple are to prove
A safeguard, when the tempests sweep.

Then with a plan, the very best
That thought and wisdom can devise;
He brings his labors to the test,
And builds his temple to the skies.
The good alone he will select,
Since only such can long endure;
The weak and base he must reject
That all his work may be secure.

So also we must, one and all
Build here in time while yet we may,
Nor shall its beauty pass away.
A temple that can never fall,
A temple built for God above,
From all defects forever free:
The home of perfect light and love,
Where all the good at last will be.

We Live to Help

We call ourselves the "Sons of Light"
And strive to be forever true,
And all that men esteem as right
We gladly pledge ourselves to do.
Our Fathers fought this land to save,
And gladly too, their all they gave,
Let us like them be strong and brave,
And live to bless mankind.

We claim as Masons to be "Free"
From all that bind the souls of men:
No tyrant's vassals will we be,
Nor will we yield to wrong again.
We walk the path those heroes trod,
Whose valor broke the despot's rod.
Our trust is in a righteous God,
We live to bless mankind.

We are a true fraternal band;
Our aim to bless a needy world,
Where brothers meet, in any land,
Our glorious banner is unfurled.
That men our teachings all may share,
And learn each others woes to bear,
Our work must be "upon the Square"
We live to bless mankind.

Be a Booster

As you walk Life's rugged road,
Help your brother bear his load;
Try and drive away his blues,
You can do it if you choose.
When he is inclined to mope,
Touch his nerve with manly hope.
Grasp his hand in love sincere,
Boost him up with words of cheer.

When his heart is sore and sad,
Smile, and that will make him glad;
If his face is twice too long,
Shorten it with mirth and song,
What he needs to turn his luck,
May be just your push and pluck.
You can help along his trade,
Boost him up, be not afraid.

When he fails to make things go,
Brace him up and don't be slow;
Just get busy with a will,
And his life with joy will thrill.
Pat him gently on the back,
With a loving friendly whack,
You can wondrous things impart,
Boost him up with hand and heart.

Money Talk

I've heard it said that "Money talks",
And I believe 'tis true;
For when he comes to spend the day,
He says, "hello" to you.
But if you plan to have him stay,
He winks his little eye;
And soon you hear his mellow voice
In parting, say "good bye".

For Money is a roving chap,
He seldom stays at home;
He likes to travel night and day,
And everywhere to roam.
No sooner does he raise his hat,
To greet you with "hello",
Than you can hear him softly say,
"I must be on the go."

I wish that Money would decide
To longer with me stay;
I know his presence always helps,
To drive my cares away.
His visits are so very brief,
I cannot help but sigh,
I like to hear his short "hello",
But not his long "good bye".

The Loom of Life

I often watch the Loom of Life,
While listening to its ceaseless jar;
Some days it weaves a web of strife
That never fails the good to mar.
And then again its moving threads
Combine to form a robe of light,
Which o'er its wearer gently spreads—
A shining mantle of delight.

How strangely doth this busy loom
Work up the warp and woof of fate—
For days of joy, and nights of gloom,
Their checkered stories thus relate:
Its flying shuttle speeds along
With haste, to drop its portion in—
At times the threads of hope and song;
But oft the strands of doubt and sin.

The busy years that come and go
With eager steps like Knights of old,
Will, in the day of weal or woe,
Their gathered warp and woof unfold;
The Loom of Life has caught them all
And used them for its purpose here.
They now await the Master's call—
When all life's weavings shall appear.

My Home

The place of all to me most dear,
Is where my heart has found its home,
From those I fondly there revere,
How can I ever choose to roam.
I care not what that home may be,
A cottage, or a mansion fair,
Since kindred souls with love to me,
Provide the blessings which I share.

The hearts with whom I there abide,
Their sympathies on me bestow,
In them I always shall confide,
While dwelling in this vale below.
The home is where in childhood's days,
I learned the name of Him I love,
And where I heard of Wisdom's ways,
That lead to yonder home above.

How can I then my home despise?
To me it brings the sweetest joy;
Its treasures I have learned to prize
When shadows deep my soul annoy.
Oh sacred place, my refuge dear,
The fountain of my earthly peace,
My shield in times of doubt and fear,
For it my love shall never cease.

Mother

Of all the blessings we receive
From Him who dwells above,
There is none other half so sweet
As that of Mother's love.
It greets us when we enter life,
It soothes our childhood days,
It follows us in after years
With sunshine, hope and praise.

Though other friends forsake us here,
Her love remains the same;
Forever showing us the way
That leads to lasting fame.
Her sacrifices are bestowed
To meet our every need;
And her enjoyment is complete
If we but here succeed.

O Mother dear, we never shall
Forget thy tender care,
Most gladly will we honor thee—
Thy bliss at last to share.
And when our spirits meet at last
In God's bright home above,
Our praises will be sweeter there,
Because of Mother's love.

A Mother's Love

A Mother's love is always pure,
It shines with radiance bright;
No other passion seems as full,
Or brings us such delight.
It beams on us through all the years,
Like sunshine from above;
And never can our hearts forget,
The warmth of Mother's love.

A Mother's love remains the same—
Unchanging as the hills;
In weal or woe, by night or day,
Its praise our bosom fills.
On wings of prayer it bears us up,
To Him who dwells above;
Where angel spirits now recall,
The strength of Mother's love.

A Mother's love must be divine,
For here it never dies;
It follows us in faith and hope,
To realms beyond the skies:
Where we shall share that perfect bliss,
Of those enthroned above,
Who tasted here through all their days,
The joys of Mother's love.

Giving the Fathers a Chance

We always speak well of the Mothers
And laud them clear up to the sky;
Because of their love and devotion,
We never can praise them too high.
But what of the fathers—you ask me—
The ones that are wearing the pants?
I answer, the mothers are anxious
To give the poor fathers a chance.

Our mothers take care of the cooking
They fix up things just to our taste;
They get up a meal in a jiffy,
And keep stuff from going to waste.
But some one must give them the money
To pay for the family wants:
And here all the mothers are willing
To give the poor fathers a chance.

Our mothers are ready to labor
For all who are needy and poor;
They even send off to the heathen
The money which here they secure.
So when the dear mothers are working,
Their gifts for the Lord to enhance;
It seems that they always remember
To give the poor fathers a chance.

Our mothers are not so forgetful,
As some would believe them to be;
When others are slighting the father
They always their merits can see.
When needing their silks and their satins,
How sweetly they make the advance,
In all that they need, they are ready,
To give the poor fathers a chance.

The Little Birds

I watched the little birds one day
And saw them take a drink;
They took a sip, and then looked up
As if they paused to think.
I wonder if they thought of God
And His providing care;
For, lifting up their tiny heads,
They seemed to say a prayer.

Who knows but God has taught the birds
To thank Him for their food,
For surely He must tell them where
To go and find the good;
For when we scatter crumbs of bread
Before the kitchen door,
Somehow, the birds come right away
And claim it as their store.

If little birds can grateful be
And never whine or fret,
Ought not the boys and girls, like them,
Give thanks for what they get.
Then let us think of all the gifts
Which we receive in love,
And always when we eat or drink,
Give thanks to God above.

Worth-While Love

The nations all admire the man
Who loves his native land,
And quickly to its call responds
With willing heart and hand;
Whose all is on the altar laid
His country to protect;
We always feel that such a man
Has won the world's respect.

We therefore love this land of ours,
Its people, hills and plains;
We strive to keep it pure and free
From every vice that stains.
Our starry banner waves to shield
The cause of truth and right;
Its land-marks are our joy and pride,
Its triumphs our delight.

But ought our love for any land
Be so supremely great
That we must treat a brother man
With bitter scorn and hate?
Because his earthly lot is cast
Upon another soil,
Have we a right to blight his home
And claim his all to spoil?

No, we must firmly hold this truth
And boldly for it stand;
That love to man can never yield
To love for native land.
For did not God decree it thus
When first the world began,
That nothing else could take the place
Of love of man for man?

Our Hope

When our work is done
  And we pass away,
To the land of love
  And eternal day;
Though our dust may sleep
  'Neath the emerald sod,
We believe our souls
  Find their rest in God.

There is nothing lost
  That we do in love,
For our best desires
  Are prisoned Above;
Where the broken links
  Of this earthly chain,
Will by God be forged
  For our use again.

Then Life's duties all
  Let us strive to do,
With a cheerful heart
  And a purpose true.
For the joys we find
  In that heavenly sphere,
Will but show the good
  We have cherished here.

Sunshine

Be a ray of sunshine
  Every passing day—
With the beams of gladness
  Chase the clouds away.
Many now are waiting
  For a winning smile,
Bring them golden sunshine
  Brighten all their toil.

Be a ray of sunshine
  Full of hope and cheer,
Touching hearts with kindness
  Through the coming year.
On the heavy laden
  Sympathy bestow;
Bear the joys of sunshine
  Everywhere you go.

Be a ray of sunshine
  To the souls in grief,
When they yearn for comfort,
  Sighing for relief;
Tell them of the Saviour
  Who can help and love,
Point them to His sunshine
  Streaming from above.

Do Right My Boy

Do right my boy at any cost,
The good you do will not be lost,
Though first it may seem so to you,
God does take note of what you do.

Do right my boy, seek lasting fame,
Let noble deeds exalt thy name;
Shun every vice that stains the soul,
God then will help you reach the goal.

Do right my boy through thick and thin,
And you will have sweet peace within;
Where duty calls there faithful be,
God's favor then belongs to thee.

Do right my boy, in thought be clean,
Yield not to actions base and mean,
And you will reap the highest joy—
God always cares for such a boy.

Do right my boy, be brave and true,
In everything you try to do,
Then nothing can your efforts blast,
God will reward your work at last.

The New Year

My steps are passing swiftly on,
With silent steps they come and go:
So this New Year will soon be gone,
With all its days of joy and woe.

What it may bring I cannot tell;
'Tis better that I should not know,
But Heavenly wisdom sees full well,
The path in which I am to go.

For watching daily over all,
I see a never changing Friend,
Who guards my footsteps lest I fall,
And marks my journey to the end.

Then if I live through all the year,
Each day may I my tribute bring;
His will to do, His voice to hear,
Thus would I always serve my King.

The Mason I Like

The kind of Mason that I like,
Is one who always goes to Lodge
When not detained by reasons good—
And tries no duty there to dodge.
Who to himself is never false,
But keeps his moral record clean:
Because too proud to court the base
He scorns the actions that are mean.

The kind of Mason that I like,
Will strive to treat his brother right,
And make his welfare, when he can,
The measure of his own delight—
Who helps him bear his daily load,
And shield him with a friendly hand;
That kind of Masonry, we know,
The world will bless and understand.

The kind of Mason that I like,
Will not forget to think of God
Nor fail to choose the shining way,
And follow where the good have trod.
To serve Him with a willing mind,
He builds his temple to the skies
Where light and love eternal reigns:
This is the Mason that I prize.

The Long Lost Word

To those who feel the shadows deep
That oft surround us here;
Who sigh beneath the drooping clouds
Of anxious doubt and fear;
There is a lamp whose golden rays
Shine forth with radiance bright;
And for the man who seeks its gleams,
The "Long Lost Word" is Light.

To him who longs with trusting heart
For realms of hope sublime;
Who yearns for everlasting joys
Beyond the shores of time;
There is a land forever free
From sickness, pain and strife;
And for the man who there would dwell,
The "Long Lost Word" is Life.

To him who sees the base designs
That fill the world with hate;
Who hears the awful tale of woe
That millions now relate;
There is a promised day of peace
Decreed by God above;
And for the man who looks therefor,
The "Long Lost Word" is Love.

The Three Jewels

There are three things we always need—
For which our hearts should daily plead;
Three precious jewels—costly, rare,
Which ev'ry one should own and wear.

The first is FAITH, a sparkling gem
Which must adorn Life's diadem;
Since by its use we only can
Be kept in touch with God and man.

The next is HOPE, a brilliant stone
Bestowed on man for time alone,
For by its help we conquer fear
And stay the soul with lasting cheer.

The last is LOVE, a jewel bright
Whose rays reveal that perfect light,
Which must constrain and cleanse the soul
The good to cherish and control.

These gems are ours to wear and use
If wisdom's way alone we choose,
For God, who sees us from above,
Will give us faith and hope and love.

The Scottish Rite

The men who take the Scottish Rite
And heed its high degrees,
Find in its teachings many things
That cannot fail to please.
The earnest search throughout the work
To find the mystic word,
Brings us in touch with living truths
Whereby our hearts are stirred.

Here we embrace that larger life
That makes our spirits free,
And never more will we consent
In bondage here to be.
The principles which light imparts
Have broken all our chains,
And for the tyrants who oppress
Naught but contempt remains.

There too we walk in thought with those
Who for the right have fought,
And won for us those treasures rare
That ages long have sought.
Their story shines adown the years
Like trails of cleansing fire,
To burn away that sordid drop
Which flows from base desire.

If we who take the Scottish Rite
Would know and heed its claims,
What noble builders we would be,
How true our hopes and aims.
Fraternal love would be supreme
And service our delight,
Then laurels of enduring fame
Would crown us Sons of Light.

The Victor

I like the man who does his level best,
And calmly leans on God to do the rest;
Who fights the wrong without a doubt or fear,
And waits on duty done to bring him cheer.

He faces troubles as all heroes must,
And works in hope and never-failing trust;
He bears his load amid depressing care,
And yet has time his brother's woe to share.

No man will fail in what he aims to do,
If to his God he first of all is true;
For strength divine he has at his command,
To finish all the labors he has planned.

That man will win in spite of foe or fate,
Because his life is linked to something great;
And he shall wear, as every worker may,
A badge of honor, in the crowning day.

Sing for Iowa

Sing for Iowa,
State of all to us so dear,
Sing her glad story—
With the voice of cheer,
From her hills and valleys
Come our hosts in bright array,
While upon her altar
We our tributes lay.

Toil for Iowa,
With a willing heart and hand;
Helping her needy,
For the truth to stand,
Pointing souls to Jesus,
Who alone from sin can save;
Telling of the ransom
Which He freely gave.

Pray for Iowa,
That we all may learn the right,
As Christ shall lead us
Into peace and light,
'Till in realms of glory
We shall join the ransomed throng,
And in bliss forever,
Sing redemption's song.

"Our Soldier Boys"

God bless the Cause of Right
For which our Soldiers fight,
In lands afar.
Be Thou their strength and shield,
On Sea and Battle field;
Help them to never yield
In this great war.

True to their nation's call,
They gladly gave their all,
The world to bless.
To break the Tyrant's Chain,
Their courage Lord sustain,
That peace may come again
With righteousness.

Long may "Old Glory" wave,
All lands to bless and save
With Freedom's joys.
That men of ev'ry name,
Its worth may here proclaim,
And crown with lasting fame
Our Soldier Boys.

Then when their work is done,
And right its place has won—
As war shall cease—
Bring back those noble men,
Who have so faithful been,
To dwell at home again
In lasting peace.

The Red Cross Nurse

Where the blighting scourge of relentless war
Leaves its crimson trail, in the lands afar;
Where the cruel foe seeks the good to mar,
There the Red Cross Nurse is found.

Near the men who fight on the battle field,
Who have sworn the weak to protect and shield,
Watching by the sick till their wounds are healed,
There the Red Cross Nurse is found.

Speaking words of hope and uplifting cheer
To the souls oppressed by distress and fear,
Soothing those in pain, with a heart sincere,
There the Red Cross Nurse is found.

Leaving home and friends, see her gladly go
Over land and sea, woman's love to show;
To relieve distress in this world of woe,
There the Red Cross Nurse is found.

Rest, Soldier, Rest

Rest, Soldier, rest, the fight is o'er—
The carnage and the gloom is past;
The sword is sheathed to gleam no more,
And peace with honor reigns at last.
The bugle call of shrill alarm,
That tells of war with all its woe,
Shall never bring thee any harm,
Nor anxious fear on thee bestow.

Rest, Soldier, rest, our tributes now,
Like garlands of enduring fame,
We place upon thy peaceful brow,
Its cloudless valor to proclaim.
Thy battle scars with glory shine;
They tell of love and duty done;
Thine awful conflict was divine,
Since by it Freedom's Crown was won.

Rest, Soldier, rest, with all the brave
Who fought and died the world to bless;
And when our crimson banners wave,
Our nation shall its debt confess.
Old Glory guards that sacred mound,
Thy precious dust to shield and keep,
Until the trumpet shall resound—
Farewell, my brother, calmly sleep.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 909 159 4